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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN AMERICAN LIFE

JANUARY, 1962

VOL. LXXVI, NO. 1

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CREDITS: Cover, Ewing Galloway; Page 11, Peter Basch.

PUBLISHERS / The Paulist Fathers • **EDITOR** / Kevin A. Lynch, C.S.P. • **MANAGING EDITOR** / Joseph A. Kneeland • **EXECUTIVE MANAGER** / Alvin A. Illig, C.S.P. • **ART DIRECTOR** / Claude Ponsot

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 401 W. 59th St., New York 19, N. Y.

BUSINESS OFFICE: 180 Varick St., New York 14, N. Y.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Notify your postmaster and INFORMATION magazine, 180 Varick St., New York 14, N.Y., 30 days before change is to take place. Include both old and new address, and mailing label from recent issue.

INFORMATION magazine, published monthly; copyright, 1962, by The Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle in the State of New York, 180 Varick Street, New York 14, N. Y.; telephone WATkins 4-3560. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Rates U. S. and Canada 1 year, \$4.00; 2 years, \$7.00; 3 years, \$10.00; 35¢ a copy; add \$1.00 per year for Foreign.

HOSTILITY in MARRIAGE

Even in marriages that anyone would call “happy unions” you will find elements of hostility which, if unchecked, can ruin it.

by CHARLES and AUDREY RIKER

WHEN A COUPLE stands at the altar on their wedding day to pronounce vows that will unite them for a lifetime, farthest from their mind is a belief that their marriage can descend to the level of a perpetual knock-down, drag-out family battle.

The more mature, realistic bride and groom will realize that even a marriage blessed with

love and understanding will have its blue Mondays and disagreeable Fridays, but they would not be standing beside one another at the altar if they thought their life together would result in perpetual conflict. Yet some marriages do turn out that way, and in others the husband and wife grow farther apart while living together.

It is easy to say that husbands and wives get out of marriage what they put into it. Seldom considered is what they bring to the marriage—the sum total of

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their previous experiences and training.

Most couples are unaware of these real and often costly influences from the past. Ideally, many of these differences are discovered during courtship. Often they are not.

COMPATIBLE PEOPLE are not born. Marriage offers them a chance to grow together co-operating with the grace of the sacrament of Matrimony. It also gives them a chance to reject this splendid opportunity and to make a botch of their life together.

Husbands and wives underestimate their capacity to understand each other. Actually they have a head start for the task by virtue of the Holy Spirit's gift of understanding. Awareness of the gift should make the job easier.

The lack of this understanding is highlighted by the consistent complaint of couples applying for marriage counseling. Ordinarily they list a string of bitter complaints about the other person's behavior. It is not unusual for one or both to conclude the litany with, "I just can't *understand* why he acts that way. I'm sure he realizes how ridiculous he is."

The need to understand communicates the interaction between husbands and wives in their everyday activity. When one person loves another—and is able to understand why he behaves as he does—anger and conflict are more easily avoided. But lov-

ing others is a great challenge. Detraction and rash judgment come easier for us.

Our daily lives are filled with opportunities to misunderstand, not to love others. The person who slams the door in our face may be worried about a sick child; we judge him rude or ill-mannered. The person sitting instead of kneeling during the consecration of the Mass may have arthritic knees; we judge him lazy or worse. The boss who asks more than the job calls for may have intense production pressures; we conclude that he is inconsiderate.

Hostilities—large and small (with the small ones often tending to become larger)—are not uncommon in marriages. Take, for example, an incident that occurred in the home of a couple we shall call Herb and Mary, who nearly came to blows over the "best" way to wash dishes.

AFTER WASHING THE dishes, Mary always dried them with a towel. Herb knew that it was more hygienic to scrape, wash, rinse with scalding water, and then air dry. Mary was interested primarily in clearing the sink area of standing dishes while Herb's concern was about the possible spread of germs.

This controversy that developed between Herb and Mary may appear ridiculous, but it is an example of the type of complaint that marriage counselors hear day after day. And they are not small matters when they cre-

**Disagreements are bound to occur in marriage,
and unless they are resolved, hostility increases**

ate repeated family arguments.

Fortunately, Herb and Mary's problem was solved when they proved their adaptability through reasonable compromise. Both gave a little. Mary agreed to Herb's method when he agreed to return to the kitchen before bedtime to put the dishes away. The scalding ritual was so important to Herb that he consented to the additional chore.

So-called "reasonable compromises" are not always forthcoming when a couple disagrees about something that means much to each of them. As the conflict increases, hostility builds right along with it and may find its outlet in hot words or cold silences.

In such cases neither partner is able to practice charity because the intellectual grasp of the situation is overruled by feelings run riot. This phenomenon, in the language of marriage counselors, is called hostility, and needs some explanation.

LET US CONSIDER a case where there are neither outbursts of anger nor a happy settlement of the problem:

On Monday evening Jim tells Gwen that his boss invited him and two office mates to join him in a golf foursome the following Saturday. This invitation to join his boss in a golf game has been a long time in coming. Jim is

excited and pleased. Gwen shares his enthusiasm. Next Saturday will be a big day.

Knowing that Jim's outing with the boys will leave no time that day for replacing the washer in a faucet that is annoying her with its drip-drip, Mary figures she will have Jim take care of it beforehand. So Tuesday evening she begins her appeal with good humor and patience.

Wednesday night she reminds Jim of his chore. He indicates that he will "get to it." By Thursday the leak has progressed from an annoying drip-drip to a steady stream. Before bedtime she reminds him again. He pleads forgetfulness and promises to fix it "soon." Since he usually is more co-operative in such matters, Gwen accepts his excuses—or, at least, she seems to.

On Friday, just by "coincidence" in a moment of enthusiasm, Gwen promises their pastor that she and Jim will be glad to set up booths the following day for the bazaar. When she tells Jim that night, he explodes.

"You know I made plans to play golf with the boss," he shouts impatiently. Gwen is flabbergasted. Of course she knew. "I forgot," she offers lamely.

THIS IS A TYPICAL form of marital "forgetting." Gwen probably was not consciously aware of the

golf match when she committed Jim and her to a work session in the school auditorium. But neither did she "forget" Jim's refusal to fix the washer in the faucet.

Although she accepted his lack of co-operation with apparent grace and good will, inside she was boiling. She was angry. She was hostile. Because such hostility need not be expressed openly in sharp words but can exist more subtly in the kind of exchange that occurred between Gwen and Jim, it is difficult to recognize and control. But underneath the true situation can be discovered:

When Jim, nearly a full week in advance, proposed the golf match for the following Saturday, Gwen politely agreed it would be fine. Actually, she resented Jim's frequent "Saturdays off" at the golf links while she remained home with household duties. She was hostile but unable to express it.

Gwen sought a way to "get even." The faucet would do. She tried all week to get Jim to fix it. He "forgot." So she went out and made a conflicting appointment for Saturday and claimed she "forgot." Now she had evened the score without ever being fully aware of what she was doing.

This is called unconscious behavior—doing things for reasons not clearly obvious to the person performing them. Many times our unconscious actions portray vividly hostile feelings

that cannot be expressed in polite company.

Gwen and Jim have two choices: to go on needling each other while their relationship slowly deteriorates or to talk frankly about their mutual behavior. The latter is more desirable but far more difficult. Communication between husband and wife can come to a virtual halt.

A COMPLICATING FACTOR in hostility is that it is a unique form of aggression. It is a *reflected* feeling. We don't hate a stone or a ray of sunlight because they have no human qualities. People have human qualities, and when we see imperfections in others they remind us of imperfections in ourselves.

It comes as a shock to many when they realize that those who hate others, hate themselves. And those who hate most have almost no respect for themselves. Examples are all around us.

The office worker who continually criticizes her supervisor may be dissatisfied with her own work. She can't very well say that she doesn't earn her paycheck, so she projects or pushes onto her office manager her real feelings about her sloppy work. Her actions reflect back to her boss what she doesn't like about herself. She takes it out on him. This is hostility, too, and those affected by it may be totally unaware of what is going on and helplessly incapable of resolving the difficulty.

Many people do not recognize that teasing is their way of expressing hostility

When a person loses control of himself, becoming very angry, his rationality is submerged and animal feelings take over. These raw emotions cannot be expressed in their pure form because if carried to their natural and ultimate conclusion we would violate the laws of God and man by destroying, robbing, killing.

For example, most parents have been through crisis periods with children when they would have liked to "wring their little necks." This happens usually when parents are tired and the children provoke them to a point beyond endurance.

Obviously parents cannot follow through with their pure feelings. So they avoid the temptation by leaving the room, banishing the children to bedrooms, or resorting to verbal or physical punishment. Then the parents feel better.

In such cases the anger, or hostility, builds to a breaking point, rushes out in a moment of fury, then passes from the scene. Adults do not hesitate to show their anger to children when strained beyond limit.

But it's different with other adults and other people's children. Here the parent cannot blow off so easily. So the petty annoyances and irritating remarks accumulate. A pure expression of the hurt is impossible

in a civilized society. So the offended finds outlets for their injured feelings in a grossly misunderstood phenomenon called *teasing*.

TEASING IS THE most deceptive form of expressing hostility. We don't mind criticism so much as long as the person badgering us couches his attack in an acceptable form. When the attack reaches a point where we think it's "not so funny" and draw the line, the other person will claim, "I was only kidding." The verbal contest usually ends there, and we are inclined to convince ourselves that it was "all in fun" in order to salve the pain caused by the teasing.

One researcher investigated over 500 husband-wife jokes ranging from subjects of nagging to sensitivity about in-laws. She found that the great majority were based in hostility.

Simply stated, the person telling the joke or story did so not to amuse but to hurt the person described in the tale. Confronted with this accusation, most people fight back in passionate indignation.

Quite regularly in my classes the students—young or not, male or female, married or single—rise up as one to deny the implication that their teasing is anything but good, clean fun. Some take on the mantle of "nat-

ural born tease," which somehow is intended to excuse the teaser from all responsibility for his words.

Teasing hurts. Since hostility is a reflected feeling, since the imperfections of others remind us of our own inadequacies, we tease others because we are unable to express our dissatisfaction with them the way our animal instincts impel us—perhaps landing an umbrella over his head or even an ax. More basic, we tease others because we are dissatisfied with ourselves.

There is something about certain children that some adults don't like. They don't know the reason, and they seldom investigate their own feelings to try to find the cause. They express their dissatisfaction—hostility—when a suitable occasion arises.

When the youngster in question cries after a rough fall during play, the hostile adult teases with, "Don't be a crybaby. Big boys don't cry." The adult has a greater need to vent his hostility than he does to help or console the youngster.

Those who hate themselves hate others. The converse is just as true: those who love themselves love others. They can love others while knowing their own needs. They forego chances to tease even when the opportunity arises.

Teasing is destructive. It occurs in all forms of human interplay. It never improves a relationship between two people. It can warp a marriage because it

brings feelings to the surface and leaves them there, stewing.

The fact that the hostile feelings are expressed is good. But the method is bad because it breeds more teasing and more hostility.

AN EXAMPLE OF teasing, and the form it can take in married life, is found in the home of Jane and Gary. Gary is increasingly disappointed that his pretty wife doesn't take the trouble to look attractive when he is home or even the few nights during the year when they go out.

Gary would deny hostility for the mother of his children. He may not be aware of it at all. But the dissatisfaction builds up. Quite regularly at the evening meal, however, he "kids" her about having to wait too long, the food being overcooked or underdone.

After a while she complains about the verbal barrage. He, apparently apologetic, returns with, "Gee, Hon, I was just teasing you. I didn't mean anything by it."

True enough, he's really not complaining about the food or its preparation. He's basically irritated about Jane's total lack of interest in her appearance.

The picture looks quite different from Jane's viewpoint. At the time of their marriage, Gary expressed his affection, bragged to his cohorts about his beautiful wife and frequently told her that he loved her.

Over the years he began to

The best antidote for the marriage riddled with hostility is communication

take Jane (as she sees it) for granted. She felt deeply hurt about the apparent loss of love. Not sure of the cause for her changing feelings, she found some solace in letting herself go to pot.

She shows her hostility toward Gary by doing the one thing he resents most—getting fat and sloppy. He, in turn, fights back by teasing her. Obviously this kind of relationship will get worse unless something happens to help Jane and Gary understand what they are doing to each other and to themselves.

Often unaware of what is happening to them, unhappy families grow apart through teasing, fights and selfish behavior. They just can't give to each other. Love has moved out.

THE BEST ANTIDOTE for the marriage riddled with hostility is *communication*—plain talk with a partner about grievances. Healthy talk at the gut level—subjects that hurt when brought into the open—is difficult. Between a couple sharing the intimacy of marriage it can seem almost impossible.

Humans find it easier to admit hurt to strangers than to those with whom they live closely. How many times have you had a person you meet for the first time on a train open up and tell you his intimate troubles in

family life? Have you done the same thing?

The pity lies in the fact that many couples cannot say to each other what they can to a neighbor or bridge partner. For them to change this pattern will not be easy, but it certainly is worth a try.

Healthy communication demands honest talk by both parties. More than just saying words back and forth at each other, it is the ability to talk with those we love most about things that count most.

Good two-way communication exists when husbands and wives take time to sit down and talk about the areas in their marriage that have become skeletons in the closet—off limits for discussion.

How best to communicate? What will be best depends on you, your spouse, the present condition of your marriage. But in general, these seven points should be noted:

1. Be aware that your voice does not take on the characteristics of bitterness, anger or other disagreeable feelings.

2. Accept the fact that things won't get better until you clear the air. And don't be surprised if your partner has a list of complaints different from your own.

3. Choose a time for talking when neither partner is particularly upset.

4. Say a short prayer before you start, and let the gifts of the Holy Spirit have an opportunity to operate.

5. Remembering that you have learned to hide what you feel, try to be honest.

6. Be prepared to hear unpleasant things.

7. Be prepared to say unpleasant things as gently and lovingly as possible.

The prospect is not as gloomy as it may appear. Couples who manage to get through their first

gripe session report that not only do they feel much better but the challenge of marriage seems more appealing.

In time free verbal communication becomes more natural, and pent-up resentments do not have a chance to accumulate while they fester. And a home that appeared doomed to protracted hostilities can be turned into one where at least unnecessary tensions disappear and at best where deep love is restored.

■ ■

■ ASKED WHY HE wanted a day off, a faithful but timid employee explained that it was his silver wedding anniversary. "My wife and I would like to celebrate," he concluded.

"Well, I suppose so," grumbled the boss, "but are we going to have to put up with this every 25 years?"

THE FAR EAST

■ SO FAR AS WE KNOW, the metered parking space is the only successful application of the pay-now go-later plan.

CHANGING TIMES

■ IF YOU FIND A MISTAKE in this paper please consider it was put there for a purpose. We publish something for everyone and some people are always looking for mistakes.

CAPITOL CHRISTIAN

■ THE TROUBLE WITH many young people is that they marry for better or worse but not for good.

FARM JOURNAL

■ WOMAN'S AMBITION: To be weighed and found wanting.

ERNEST BLEVINS

■ HE WHO LOSES his head is usually the last one to miss it.



Phyllis McGinley, the People's Poet

A light verse writer who tickled the ribs of America

by MINA WETZIG

PLAYWRIGHT JEAN KERR, wife of New York *Herald Tribune* theater critic Walter Kerr, once remarked about her neighbor, Phyllis McGinley: "When I first met Phyllis, I expected her to be all shellacked and se-

vere, with martinis flying out of her hands like butterflies. Instead, there was this sort of innocent Middle-Westerner, all enchanted with life and incredibly youthful and eager."

Jean Kerr's notion that poet

Phyllis McGinley would have "martinis flying out of her hands" is one that is shared by a good many readers of *The New Yorker* magazine, chief rostrum for Miss McGinley's tongue-in-cheek type of light verse for the past thirty years.

Paradoxically, Miss McGinley also is equated with hearth and home because she has celebrated those topics in much of her poetry and prose. Perhaps the truth about this year's Pulitzer Prize-winner for poetry lies somewhere in between.

"Maybe it's because *The New Yorker* is a 'sophisticated' magazine that a lot of people think I'm the clever, cocktail party type," she offers. "Then, because I sometimes write about my family and my village, others tag me 'Phyllis McGinley, suburban housewife and mother of two.'"

"I'm so sick of being classified into one or the other of these categories because they're only an eighth or a tenth of my work. The rest is different—with a lot of straight social criticism."

Miss McGinley's flippancies in verse toss acid little comments on such subjects as art, dinner parties, shopping, the income

tax collector, travel, books and authors. "Insult Is the Soul of Wit" is one she wrote on a certain character in television:

Groucho Marx is a man I'm fond of.
A gray-haired jest he can make a
blonde of.
But I'd rather be a derelict, sleeping
in parks,
Than a guest on the program of
Groucho Marx.

As "Phyllis McGinley, suburban housewife, mother of two," she paints a telling picture of domesticity in "One Crowded Hour of Glorious Strife." Three of the stanzas read:

I love my daughters with a love
unfailing,
I love them healthy and I love them
ailing.
I love them as sheep are loved by the
shepherd,
With a fiery love like a lion or a
leopard.
I love them gentle or inclined to
mayhem—
But I love them warmest after eight-
thirty a.m.

Oh, the peace like heaven
That wraps me around,
Say, at eight-thirty-seven,
When they're schoolroom-bound
With the last glove mated
And the last scarf tied,
With the pigtail plaited,
With the pincurl dried,
And the egg disparaged,
And the porridge sneered at,
And last night's comics furtively
peered at,
The coat apprehended
On its ultimate hook,
And the cover mended
On the history book!

The poetry, Copyright 1933, 1934, 1950, 1953, 1954, 1957, 1959 by Phyllis McGinley, reprinted in this article appeared in the volume *Times Three* by Phyllis McGinley and is included here by permission of the publishers, The Viking Press, Inc. Some of the poems were originally published in *The New Yorker*.

*Many of Phyllis McGinley's poems carry
a crisp message of social criticism*

Oh, I love my daughters with a love
that's reckless
As Cornelia's for the jewels in her
fabled necklace.
But Cornelia, even, must have raised
three cheers
At the front door closing of her
school-bent dears.

Many examples of Phyllis McGinley, social critic, can be found among her published writings. In "How to Start a War," she re-creates a conversation between two Reformation characters who had differing religious beliefs:

Said Zwingli to Muntzer,
"I'll have to be blunt, sir.
I don't like your version
Of Total Immersion.
And since God's on my side
And I'm on the dry side,
You'd better swing ovah
To me and Jehovah."

Cried Muntzer, "It's schism,
Is Infant Baptism!
Since I've had a sign, sir,
That God's will is mine, sir,
Let all men agree
With Jehovah and me,
Or go to Hell, singly,"
Said Muntzer to Zwingli,

As each drew his sword
On the side of the Lord.

Sophisticate, suburbanite, satirist—take your choice. All three Phyllis McGinleys are to be found in *Times Three*, a collection of 300 poems covering

three decades. It is this book which won for her the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1961.

Still a little stunned at this accolade, but also with a rather mischievous air of I-knew-it-all-the-time, she says, "The Pulitzer Prize put an official stamp on the fact that a light verse writer can be a poet."

It may not have been "official" back in the 1930's, but light-verse-writer McGinley was a poet then, too. Literary critics laud the lovely imagery in "Six Nuns in the Snow" which she wrote then:

Beautifully, now, they walk among
these new
petals the snow shook down—
identical figures, going two by two,
each in a black gown.

With what a placid tread, what definite,
calm impulse each proceeds,
two by two, black on bewildering
white,
swinging her long beads;

an absolute six, taking their candid
way
undazzled by this whiteness,
who have grown used to walking without
dismay
amid incredible brightness.

One might picture Miss McGinley — this prolific writer of hundreds of verses — as scarcely having the time to put down on paper the many inspirations for poems that crowd her day. It

comes as a surprise, then, to hear her say, "I haven't written a blessed thing for nine months. I just can't seem to put two words together. I've forgotten how I ever did it."

But she's not really worried. "It's just that an old back injury has me down, and I haven't been able to do much but learn to live with it. When you've been away from writing for a while, it's always difficult to get back to it. But I will one of these days."

In recent years she has written more prose than poetry, and her newest book, now in the planning stage, is a book of prose about the saints tentatively entitled *Saint Watching*. In it she intends to "talk about the saints as heroes and geniuses and at the same time show how charming they were."

THE "MISS MCGINLEY" of the world of poetry and prose is in family life Mrs. Charles Hayden, mother of Julie, a June graduate of Radcliffe College, and of Phyllis Louise (Pat), a junior at Wellesley.

The Haydens live in an amiable-looking house of Civil War vintage, half-hidden behind tall hedges in Larchmont, a suburb of New York City. Her neighbors include Jean and Walter Kerr, conductor Eric Leinsdorf, actor Walter Slezak and playwright Robert Crean.

Slim, auburn-haired Phyllis McGinley surrounds herself with such divergent furnishings as a

rare old French *escritoire*, marble-topped tables, a Victorian sofa, side chairs from a courthouse in Ireland, and a rose-marble mantel that once graced Mark Twain's house in New York City.

In addition to composing poetry, Miss McGinley writes many a fine piece of prose, some of it based on life in the small community of Larchmont. One of her essays was a flag-waving defense of suburbia penned at a time when other writers found it in fashion to snipe at suburban insularity. "I was weary of listening to everyone belittle life in the suburbs," she recalls. "So I decided to write a little love letter to them."

"One result was that I got lots of mail from city dwellers asking if I could recommend a house for sale or rent. My popularity among Larchmont real estate agents rose to such an extent that one of them even hung my picture in his office."

But soon Larchmont may lose its ardent admirer. As soon as her husband retires from his executive position, they plan on settling in Connecticut.

BORN 56 YEARS AGO in Oregon, raised in Colorado and schooled in Utah, Miss McGinley came to New York in 1928. She likes to relive what she calls her "wild and woolly childhood" when she and her brother roamed over the 4,000 acres of their parents' Colorado ranch, hunted for antelopes and coy-

Writing poetry is no way for a young college graduate to earn a living in New York

otes, rode ponies to school where they were the only pupils, and watched bronco-busting on Sunday afternoons.

Perhaps the wide-open West of her youth served to stimulate the urge to express her ideas in verse, for she says, "I never had any doubt but that I would become a poet." This "gem" she wrote at age six:

Sometimes in the evening

When the sky is red and pink,

I love to lie in the hammock

And think and think and think.

The first poetry Miss McGinley sold was to Catholic magazines. She wrote it at the time she attended the University of Utah and the University of Southern California.

After graduation she packed up for New York with a firm, if naïve, intention of supporting herself by the sale of her poetry. A few months' time was all she needed to convince her that "I had absolutely no talent for earning a living in the city. I was a blundering typist, and I couldn't take shorthand. About the only thing I thought I might be able to do was teach English. So I did—in a New Rochelle high school. I hated it."

She hated it for four and a half years, but found respite at night when she could return to her world of poetry writing. Finally *The New Yorker* ac-

cepted a poem, and then others until she was selling to the magazine fairly regularly.

"It was only after that I dared to give up teaching and move to Manhattan," she recalls. But poetry doesn't pay *that* well, so she took a job writing copy for an advertising agency.

"I thought I'd have plenty of time left over for poetry writing," she said, "but the boss was the kind of man who, if he liked your work, thought you ought to handle *all* the accounts. He was so smitten with the first few things I wrote that suddenly I found myself worked to death." She quit after five months.

"My next job was the most ideal one in the world," she said. "I became an editor of *Town and Country*. I worked three days a week and could go into the office in the morning or afternoon, whichever I preferred. I was the poetry editor, but the only poetry used was my own. And whenever they printed one of my poems, I was paid extra."

The "most ideal" job was second, however, to one she took on June 25, 1937, when she married Charles "Bill" Hayden. And her new role as "suburban housewife" did not, by any means, stem her literary output.

In addition to eight books of verse (not counting *Times Three*, which contains 70 new poems as

well as selections from other books), Miss McGinley has written a book of prose, nine children's books, the lyrics of a musical revue and articles for magazines on a variety of subjects from cooking to rearing children.

ANY BOOK BY Phyllis McGinley is almost a sure-fire best seller. *Times Three* is in its fourth printing. Her collection of poems published under the title *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley* has sold 40,000 copies, which is 37,000 more than the average for almost anybody else's book of poems.

The reason her poetry has achieved such popularity is to be found, no doubt, in her deft touch of humor on subjects close to her readers. Her "Melancholy Reflections After a Lost Argument" sums up a familiar reaction:

I always pay the verbal score
With wit, concise, selective.
I have an apt and ample store
Of ladylike invective.

My mots, retorts, and quips of speech,
Hilarious or solemn,
Placed end to end, no doubt, would reach
To any gossip column.

But what avails the epigram,
The clever and the clear shot,
Invented chiefly when I am
The only one in earshot?

And where's the good of repartee
To quell a hostile laughter,
That tardily occurs to me
A half an hour after?

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Who nastily have caught
The art of always striking when
The irony is hot.

Any wife who has doubled as companion and personal secretary to her husband will appreciate "A Marriage of Convenience":

Now whom did Oliver lean on,
Before we two were wed,
To remind him, say,
On the natal day
Of his affluent Uncle Fred?
Who wrote the news
To his friends and folks?
Who gave him the cues
For his favorite jokes?
Who scribbled the greetings when
cards were sent out?
Who counted his collars before they
went out?
Who hung up his racquets and stored
his putter
And thanked his hosts for their bread
and butter?

Whose eagle eye was alert to spy
The sag in his trousers' creases?
With vision and thrift
Who bought the gift
For the nuptials of his nieces?
Who dusted his satchel,
Who packed his cases,
When he was a bachelor—
Or, going places?
For invitations he couldn't condone,
Who gave his regrets on the telephone?
And bundled him up, for rain or mist
And checked the names on his Christmas list?

Yes, who ran Oliver's errands,
Busily, sun to sun?
Or gave him warning
To rise at morning,

*Poems need not be serious, Phyllis McGinley contends,
to rate the dignified designation of "poetry"*

Before we twain were one?
Of his kith and kin,
He was wary, very.
And it couldn't have been
His secretary,
And never an angel and not an elf.
So perhaps it was Oliver Ames, him-
self.
But I say it's odd how my legal lord
Has thrown those worriments over-
board.

For it's needles and pins,
But a fig for father.
When a man marries
He just doesn't bother.

Orville Prescott, *New York Times* critic, reserved this niche for Phyllis McGinley: "She is one of the few poets now alive who is admired by scholars, intellectuals and other poets and at the same time is beloved by thousands of readers."

OF HER WRITING she says, "I've been building up, trying to get better. At first, back in the thirties, I was writing real light verse and I mean *really* light verse.

"But I've been moving toward something a little different—poetry of wit, which is what the Cavalier poets used to write. It wasn't until Wordsworth that there was this great dividing line between serious poetry and light verse."

Among the most delightful of her verses are those that ac-

quaint her readers with the saints. She became interested in their lives when her daughters, then students at Sacred Heart Academy in Greenwich, Conn., brought home some biographies of these men and women of God.

In "The Giveaway," she wrote about Saint Bridget who would

... give her shawl,
Divide her purse
With one and all.
And what was worse,
When she ran out of things to give
She'd borrow from a relative.

Her father's gold,
Her grandsire's dinner,
She'd hand to cold
And hungry sinner;
Give wine, give meat,
No matter whose;
Take from her feet
The very shoes,
And when her shoes had gone to
others,
Fetch forth her sister's and her
mother's.

Well, one must love her.
Nonetheless,
In thinking of her
Givingness,
There's not denial
She must have been
A sort of trial
To her kin.
The moral, too, seems rather quaint.
Who had the patience of a saint,
From evidence presented here?
Saint Bridget? Or her near and dear?

Among other things about

Saint Jerome, Miss McGinley
found him:

A born reformer, cross and gifted,
He scolded mankind
Sternier than Swift did.

As for Saint Simeon Stylites
sitting atop his desert pillar, she
commented:

It puzzles the age,
It puzzles me.
It puzzled many
A Desert Father.
And I think it puzzled the Good Lord,
rather.

For bringing a saint down to
earth, but with charm, she imag-

ined a "Conversation in Avila,"
in which Saint Teresa com-
plained to God:

Teresa was God's familiar. She often
spoke
To Him informally,
As if together they shared some
heavenly joke.
Once, watching stormily
Her heart's ambitions wither to odds
and ends,
With all to start anew,
She cried, "If this is the way You
treat Your friends,
No wonder You have so few!"

There is no perfect record standing by
Of God's reply.

■ ■



■ THE RUSSIAN, working in a Siberian gold mine, would leave the mine shaft every day pushing a wheelbarrow full of dirt. At the outer gate the guards would frisk him very carefully, sift the dirt, and after they were satisfied that he had none of the Soviet gold, would let him pass.

After watching him for months a friend sidled up to him one day and asked, "Confidentially, just what are you smuggling out?"

"Not a thing," replied the worker. "But I am selling an awful lot of used wheelbarrows."

■ WISDOM IS KNOWING when to speak your mind and when to mind your speech.

■ WHY CAN'T LIFE'S PROBLEMS hit us when we are 18 and know every-thing?

■ A PASTOR ONCE WAS called upon to preach the funeral sermon of one of the least holy of his flock. At a loss to say something hopeful and promising to the mourners, he settled for this brief eulogy: "He wasn't always as bad as he sometimes was."

■ A MAN HAS NEVER really tested his strength until he tries to lift a mortgage.

CAREY WILLIAMS

NEVER BEAT YOUR CHILDREN WHILE DRIVING

by REX R. GOGERTY

BOYS AND GIRLS of various sizes spilled out of our elementary school. The winter air was replete with laughter, after-school gossip and spiraling snowballs. I separated the six youngsters I was transporting from the assortment of bobbing heads and herded them into the car.

Two miles down the highway toward home a quarrel flared in the back seat. No car is roomy enough for such an animated payload. I flung my right arm over the seat to part the two adversaries whose constant chiding and poking at each other was getting on my nerves.

I took my eyes from the road for no more than an instant,

but during that immeasurable twinkling we veered across the center line into the path of a semi-trailer truck.

"Daddy! Look out!" Kevin screamed.

The car rocked violently as I wrenched the wheel to regain control. With the generous help of St. Christopher we miraculously hurtled past the terrified driver and his monstrous rig and pulled onto the shoulder.

Half-weeping, half-cursing, I staggered out of the car and braced my trembling body against the front fender. It would not have surprised me to find scrapings of the truck's paint deposited there.

The six grim-faced passengers

and I exchanged cold glances through the windshield. They had seen me angry before and knew this was a different kind of emotion. In their way they sensed what I was thinking: There, but for the grace of God, were six young and bloody corpses strewn on the highway within sight of home.

I made a firm decision then and there which I have never broken since. I would never, *never*, correct a child while I was at the wheel of an automobile.

This new era in my family's automotive existence has not been an easy or simple transformation. At times it seems almost impossible to maintain any semblance of order while transporting several cavorting, chattering, bickering little people who forget or ignore the prohibition of snapping bubblegum within inches of the driver's ear or of squabbling over who is to occupy the right rear seat corner.

"Dad, Danny keeps punching me in the ribs."

"Mom, Kevin is wiping his sticky hands on my shirt."

Substitute different names if you wish, but these are sample complaints monitored from the driver's seat of any family car.

I still am sorely tempted to take a wild, backhand swing at the erring passengers in the hope of restoring order and saving traveling time. But such temptations are quelled by the still vivid sight of the on-coming sixteen wheeler which nearly

ended our disputes and troubles permanently.

SINCE BECOMING A scholar on car safety, I have gleaned valuable information from such expert sources as the National Safety Council, The American Academy of Pediatrics and others whose business it is to help people live longer and more safely. But these are cold statistics unless fortified with actual lab work in the field, and I have had plenty of that in transporting my four and my brother's nine children hither and yon, singly and in groups, to work and to play.

To see how a thing works, you must watch it in action, and there is an abundance of action whenever you assemble a group of pre-teen-agers. As their quarters become more compact, so also does their vitality become more intense.

The confines of an automobile are to the younger-generation Gogertys what a cage is to a wolf or a box stall is to a spirited horse. They are veteran country kids at heart, steeped in the tradition of roaming creek pastures and following rabbit trails. Like most youngsters from two to twelve, they perform best at a full gallop or at least in a brisk trot.

To them the green, rolling countryside and picturesque villages, especially familiar ones viewed from a car window, offer little of scenic value. Unless they are highballing down the



road neck and neck with a speeding freight train or crossing the high bridge over the Mississippi, they are bored. In a search for something to occupy their attention, they become a menace to every passenger in the car and a potential safety hazard to other vehicles on the road.

Even as a part-time, lay authority, I have contrived numerous measures to make our family excursions more a treat than a trial.

WHEN A BOY or girl is old enough to comprehend a cautioning "no, no," he or she is old enough to be disciplined in the family car. To me the car is just a temporary mobile home—

a home fraught with more hazards than a stationary one. A two-year-old fingering the door handles, gear shift lever or ignition key is in far greater potential danger than he is by tipping over the living room floor lamp.

To establish a car safety program for the Gogerty clan, it was necessary to start teaching fundamentals to one or two of the lads. Once they were taught to obey home rules, they took more readily to car discipline.

In the early stages of the program, we never entered the car for a family outing without making certain the willow switch was holstered carefully under the front seat. Such stringent precautions have become unnecessary under our

educational and honor system.

My wife, Kathleen, has used some of our travel time to good advantage by expaining to the older children what their responsibilities are to themselves, to other passengers, and above all, to the driver. Her nursing duties in the hospital accident ward gave her a clear-cut insight into the effects of a driver's miscalculations.

It apparently was a complete surprise to the children to learn it is extremely difficult to operate a car safely when the passengers are standing on their heads, tumbling over the seats or dangling their arms out of the windows. Kathleen has found it is much more mature and far less taxing physically to talk and reason with the boys than it is to twist from her front-seat position and level a few well-placed swats on the cowering members in the rear area.

The American Academy of Pediatrics puts it this way: "A wrestling match may be all right in the playroom at home but entirely out of place in the speeding automobile."

The death rate for children in car accidents exceeds 2,000 annually. Childish indiscretion or misbehavior account for many of these fatalities and stand as a constant warning to parents never to let down their guard.

I recall the newspaper account last summer of a man who stopped his car on the shoulder of the road beside a

lake. He stepped out and walked a few paces away, leaving his daughter in the car. With the curiosity and dexterity of a seven-year-old, she moved the shift lever out of gear, and the car rolled down an incline and plunged into eight feet of water. Only quick action on the part of the father assisted by horrified onlookers saved the girl's life. So even a parked car can be dangerous if children are near the controls.

The 2,000 annual death rate of children from car accidents is little more than a grim statistic unless it is fleshed out in individual human tragedies, such as this accident investigation report:

"A mother and three of her children died when the car in which they were riding careened into a bridge abutment. The accident was thought to have been caused by one of the children who fell against her mother's arm which, in turn, threw the car out of control."

OUR MARY IS AT the insatiable age—eight months old. She is safer in her well-anchored car seat than she is crawling about the front seat in search of amusement. She sleeps or takes her bottle in her mother's arms, and mother has the extra insurance of a seat belt. To us, Mary is far more fragile than fine china or a carton of eggs and must be treated accordingly.

Not to be outdone by the computers and researchers, I re-

Keeping children in the car amused and preoccupied can thwart their best-laid battle plans

cently conducted a sort of sidewalk and coffeebreak survey of my own. I came up with one truly amazing fact: Of the 40-odd parents interviewed, eight admitted to holding a child occasionally while at the wheel of their car.

"Oh, Johnny just likes to help daddy drive," was one feeble reply.

"I like to have Susie on my lap where I can watch her," was another.

Not only were these parents catering to childish whims, they were actually using their children as steering-wheel crash pads. After I had pointed out the folly of their indulgence, the shortsighted parents agreed that a three-year-old could be controlled and amused without resorting to such dangerous measures.

ONE OF THE BEST formulas for insuring good behavior among youthful passengers is preparation in advance for their preoccupation during travel. A basket of toys or games—especially those requiring little physical activity—are excellent equipment for any traveling family.

My wife is our chief game suggester, inventor and referee. Our many trips to Grandmother's house (a half-state away) and other family jaunts have made her an expert in

these capacities. She has become so accomplished that single-handed she has convoyed eight of the boys a distance of 50 miles in an ordinary sedan without so much as a cross word or a ruffled shirt.

"If I keep them busy, I keep them happy," is her simple advice.

Her secret: a complete recreational program. Number puzzles, picture books, jig-saw puzzles, identification of animals, trees, animals or almost anything visible from the car window. These are the primary tools of the trade. The animal, vegetable, mineral game (Twenty Questions) is fun for the older children even though some of their subjects are a bit unorthodox. Kevin once stumped all the panelists with a rather ethereal and intangible subject—clouds.

On our more extensive trips or vacations, Kathleen maintains good behavior among her juvenile charges by means of an oft-used parental trick—the promise of rewards. But she has added a new wrinkle.

In advance of the trip she prepares individually-wrapped parcels to be opened at predetermined intervals during our itinerary. The parcels contain only inexpensive treats or toys (preferably those made of plastic or rubber), but this gift-

wrapped assortment of items with their identifications hidden presents an incentive that works marvels in maintaining a safer, pleasanter trip.

Car games are even more "old hat" to the veteran tourist shepherding a carload of energetic youngsters. A rousing game of license-plate spotting or watching for white horses is less tiring on the driver than a tousled head blocking the rear-view mirror or a gasping balloon whistling past your face.

THIS EXPERT ADVICE sounds good on paper, but does it work under actual combat conditions? What about the mischievous or problem child who will respond only to stern measures?

My answer to the first question is an unequivocal "yes."

Country living means that our entertainment may be anywhere from five to 50 miles away. Whether I'm taking a packed car to the local swimming pool or only one or two boys to Scout camp, the trip is pleasantly uneventful and quite often surprisingly educational when games, toys or just amiable conversation are substituted for tumbling acts and cheerleading practice. The success of the whole idea depends, of course, upon parental vigilance and sincere effort, even leading family sing-alongs.

I don't consider our children at all precocious or off-beat in their car behavior. Nor do I consider them shining examples of Victorian manners. They are

all very normal, energy-filled youngsters who respond well to commands and suggestions. All except one—Tommy.

TOMMY IS OUR contribution to "budding villainy." At four years of age, he could cover the distance from the rear deck to the dashboard of our speeding car in a single lunge. At seven he had committed every traveling misdemeanor from instigating brotherly fights to smearing peanut butter on the back seat. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, he didn't do or attempt to do. No amount of threatening, scolding or spanking had any lasting effect.

Tommy is now nine. He is completely reformed. I might even go so far as to say he is an excellent traveling companion. This conversion of Tommy from menace to passenger *par excellence* was not an overnight changeover. We used every idea in the book (and some that are not) to accomplish this result.

First of all, when it became necessary to lecture or punish the lad, I would always pull over to the side of the road and stop at the first opportunity. The impression was more lasting and my aim more accurate. I tried never to lose my temper with him or any of the others because if my attitude is irascible or violent, they seem to react accordingly.

I allotted him specified seating space in the car and provided him with time-consuming

games and books. Any rule infraction brought the car to an immediate halt and Tommy to swift retribution. In a surprisingly short time he became an avid road-map navigator.

On vacation trips, we stopped often at roadside parks or other open areas for a sandwich from the lunch basket, an inning of baseball or a foot race. The refreshments help stem any restlessness and the activities provide excellent outlets for pent-up energies. By day's end all of us are less exhausted physically and mentally. (I must admit frankly that I enjoy the sandwich and rest more than I do the ball game or races.)

A friend of mine who was formerly a harried father like myself suggested the artifice that probably helped my disciplinary effort the most. He had devised a report card—a home-made, but rather elaborate, chart which he attached to the sun visor. It showed a mile-by-mile record of improvement (or lack of it) in the behavior of each child, with comparisons readily apparent.

The results were all there in black and white circles and checks. The chart outlined sev-

eral specific misdemeanors such as roughhousing, quarreling and driver interference, as well as such courtesies of the open road as clean eating habits and time spent in educational pursuits (which could include anything from reading to counting red barns).

Our family outings and trips to Grandmother's house have become less of a temptation and more of a challenge to the children. Tommy's conduct in particular has improved steadily during the past two years. Recently he set a new record—500 miles without a demerit on his card.

In sharp contrast to the former hectic days of travel, our new order of automobile discipline has worked well for us. Now we enjoy driving, can appreciate the scenery and even delight in our confined family association.

As driver, I am captain of my ship; the passengers are the crew. Any disobedience on the highway is dealt with in the manner of mutiny on the high seas. We think we have taken a long step in the direction of the Gogerty children never becoming a highway statistic. ■■

■ TO GET HER MAN today a girl should know how to play tennis, bridge and dumb.

■ AMERICA'S MOTORISTS take good care of their cars—and they keep pedestrians in good running condition, too.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Inside Information

VATICAN CITY—Pope John is said to be highly optimistic about the progress of the Church in the United States. He talked in separate private audiences recently with Cardinals Spellman of New York, Meyer of Chicago and McIntyre of Los Angeles. They and 41 other Cardinals (and 40 other Church dignitaries) had assembled for the second plenary session of the Ecumenical Council Central Preparatory Commission—and were present at the observance of the Pope's 80th birthday.

According to diplomats attached to the Holy See, the Holy Father also was encouraged by the personal reports on the Church's progress in the Far East; the vigorous countermeasures taken by the Church against Communist penetration of new countries in Africa; and evidence that the appeal of Castroism in South America is on the decline.

It is reported that the Pontiff has asked his Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, (for 25 years the Vatican apostolic nuncio to the U. S.) to give him minute reports on both spiritual and material developments in the United States.

For what it's worth, there is mild speculation among diplomats attached to the Holy See that there may be some substance to the rumor that Cardinal Cicognani is trying to persuade the Pope to make a trip to the U. S. some day. They emphasize that the Church in America with its millions of good Catholics is of major importance in Vatican considerations these days. Pope John, they

point out, is known as "the unpredictable Pope," and might very well be one who would break with the tradition that a Pope doesn't travel. Most take a dim view of the possibility, and say such a trip would only be taken, if at all, after visits to such traditionally Catholic countries as France and Spain.

MEXICO CITY—During the annual Marian Congress here, rumors were afloat that a petition would be sent to the Holy Father for the proclamation of a new dogma on the Blessed Virgin. It would define the belief that the Mother of Jesus Christ is the spiritual mother of all men.

The rumors were totally without foundation. Even if such a dogma were to be declared by the Pope personally without prior consultations (which is, of course, contrary to all recent history), hint of it at least would have reached the recent conclave of Cardinals. Nothing at all has come out of Rome.

PARIS—The priest-worker experiment in France, which came to a virtual halt two years ago, received its final blow indirectly when the recently assembled Cardinals and other high churchmen expressed their disapproval.

The experiment was started in 1944 in an effort to reach those French industrial workers who had lost contact with the Church almost completely and many of whom were casting their lot with the French Communists. Priests who volunteered for this work removed their clerical garb, lived among the workers, did a full day's job and received regular pay. In many cases their fellow workers did not know they were priests. By

their example and man-to-man conversations with other workers, the priests hoped to win them back to religion.

The priest-worker experiment failed on several counts, and proved the incompatibility of priestly and factory work by a man who necessarily must be detached from material considerations. A stringent reform within the movement itself was attempted a few years ago to eliminate abuses that had become fairly widespread. Maurice Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, sought the approval of the Pope for the reformed apostolate, but the reaction was negative. Now it is a dead issue.

MILAN—The gift of a million-dollar, diamond-incrusted crown for a Virgin statue has aroused spirited controversy among Catholics throughout Italy and has received wide publicity in the press. Criticism has centered on the extravagance of the gift to a small Sicilian church while people throughout the south of Italy live in poverty. Critics call it an insult to the poor.

The donation is that of a financial wizard, Michelangelo Virgillito, a multimillionaire who made his fortune speculating in the Milan Stock Exchange. He began his career as an impoverished Sicilian himself, and throughout his life has been a religious man. He has given billions of lire to numerous charities.

His latest gift, valued at well over a billion lire, was to the small church of his native village in Sicily, to which he still has a strong attachment. The controversy arose after newspapers gave wide coverage to the coronation ceremony at the time the gift was presented.

Reaction in Vatican circles is that the incident has been far overplayed. If this was the kind of gift the donor wished to make, the church authorities could hardly refuse it; thousands of churches are the recipients of valuable art and precious-stone treasures. Nevertheless, the age-old controversy over the prudence of the donation in the face of widespread poverty continues.

PARIS—The shortage of priestly vocations in France has reached a critical stage. The long, drawn-out war in Algeria is considered the chief reason for the shortage, although other contributing causes are an inadequacy in recruitment and a general spiritual crisis among youth. The Church has always depended heavily on French priests in religious orders to supply personnel for the mission fields throughout the world.

Ordinations in the past few years stand at the lowest ebb since the days of the French Revolution. From 1900-1904, there were 52.9 ordinations per 10,000 young men between 25 and 29 years of age. The index dropped to 30.6 in the period from 1909 to 1913; 38.1 between 1934-1938; 49.5 during World War II; 28.6 between 1951-1956; and has dropped to 20.8 for the past five years.

To seek ways to solve this crisis, the French hierarchy sent a large number of heads of religious orders and specialists in vocation recruitment, to Rome, where a meeting was convened by Pope John to study the situation not only in France, but in many other countries where vocations are insufficient.

THE FAMILY THAT LICKED THE FARM SQUEEZE

During the past decade over six million farmers have been squeezed off the land. Not so the enterprising Don Willette clan.

by DANA C. JENNINGS

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD that things are pretty bad down on the farm. For years, the farmers' share of the food dollar has been skidding while food prices themselves, like everything else, have been going up. The cost-price squeeze and the trend to bigger farms and fewer farmers have contributed heavily to an exodus of six million farmers off the land in the past decade.

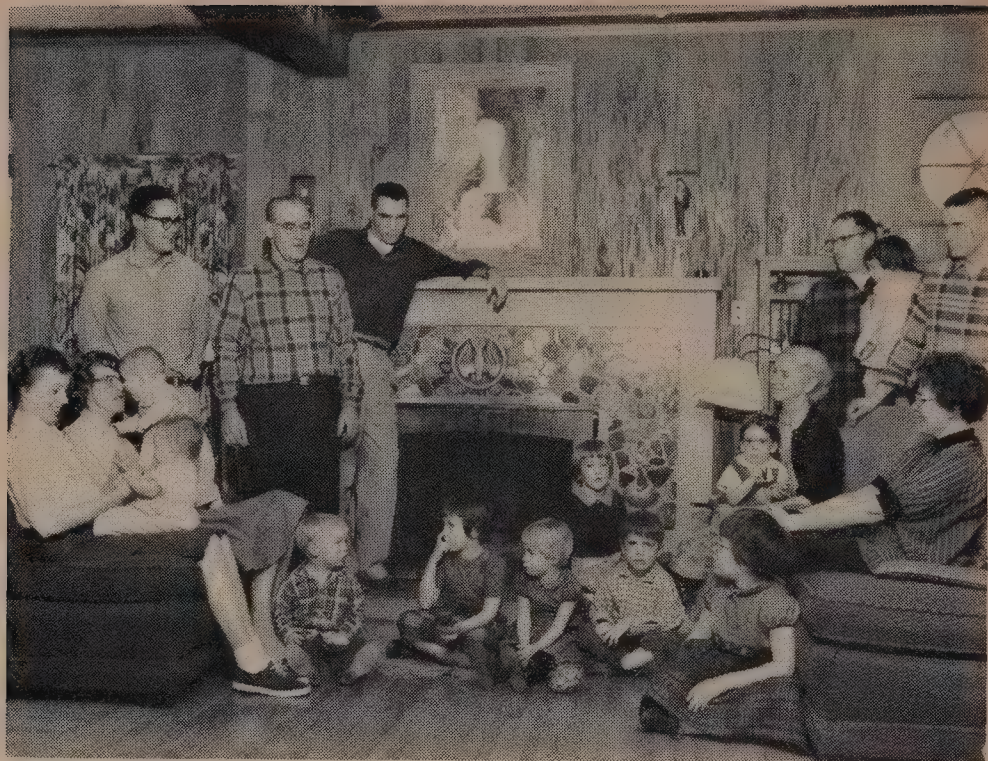
One Minnesota family, that of Don and Florence Willette, has worked out a method that enabled them to stay on the farm, rear six children and send them to college, and after their education return to the homestead and remain on the soil.

The Willettes are old hands at solving farm problems. In

1928, the year they were married, they started with only a garden. The Depression was upon them before they really got going, but they succeeded in weathering the worst it could hand them. Since then there have been some good years, especially during the War, but the others are nothing to write home about.

The Willettes have little use for the solutions proposed by those who wear dollar signs for spectacles. Some of these people suggest off-farm jobs as the cure. In other words, for the privilege of farming so that they can supply the American people with the best and cheapest food the world has ever known, farmers should take a supplementary job off the farm.





DON AND MRS. WILLETTE WITH THEIR FOUR SONS AND SOME OF THEIR 15 GRANDCHILDREN.

Others say the solution lies in transferring still more farmers from farm to factory (though there aren't enough industrial openings as it is), thus accelerating even more the trend to bigger and fewer farms.

Not all, of course, look at the situation in such a mercenary light. People who recognize values other than monetary, such as spokesmen of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference—the official Church organization for the rural family—declare that the farm family is the cornerstone of our nation's economic, military and spiritual strength.

They hold that country family living is good for the individual's body and soul and therefore good for the nation and the Church, and that 8.7 per cent is a dangerously low proportion of farm to total population.

They point out that over-large farms are inefficient, that any apparent "efficiency" is due to greater per-farm government payments and to the exploitation of sinfully underpaid migratory labor; that "getting big" in an attempt to "get efficient" denies the material and spiritual advantages of farm life to more and more families.

Don and Florence Willette have always shared the NCRLC's views about farming. And they have always been determined to make a go of it on their own. As their solution to the squeeze down on the farm, they have come up with a combination of incorporation and "vertical integration" (the modern term describing basically what great-grandpa did on the farm 75 years ago).

BACK IN 1933, Don Willette met George Boucher of Waseca, Minnesota. Boucher, who was experimenting with Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace's new-fangled hybrid seed corn, induced Don to grow a small patch of seed for him.

"We started with one male row and one female row of sweet corn in our garden," Don says. "In a few years, we had to build a seed-corn drying and processing plant. At first we burned corn-cobs in the drier, then we got a coal stoker, and now we're drying with gas."

From corncobs to "cooking" with gas is the story of the Willette 600-acre farm near Delavan in Faribault County, Minnesota. And they have realized the three main goals they set for themselves in the operation of their farm:

(1) to provide a livelihood for all of their children who wanted to stay on the farm;

(2) to deal fairly with them in the division of their inheritance;

(3) to provide old-age insurance for themselves.

Several years back, the Willettes adopted vertical integration in the operation of their farm. This is defined as the ownership or control of food or fiber by one party through two or more steps of its production, processing and distribution.

A simple example of it in the old days was grandma, who milked the cow, skimmed the cream, churned the butter and then peddled it from door to door. Any profit went into *her* apron.

Today, grandma's vertical integration in many farm oper-

JAN, THE DAIRYMAN, TEACHES A NEW ARRIVAL IT'S FIRST DUTY IN LIFE.



ations is replaced by that of huge corporations, like the food chains which own feedlots, operate packing houses and retail produce in food stores scattered throughout dozens of states.

These massive, vertically-integrated enterprises have, in some farm operations especially, put the farmer at their mercy. Take the broiler industry, for example, which is now over 90 per cent integrated, and the sickest member of a sick agriculture.

Following a typical arrangement, the farmer builds and equips his poultry houses with money he borrows from the feed company, which then furnishes the chicks and feed on credit. The farmer then raises the birds and sells them back to the feed company. He is given credit against his loan on the basis of the increased weight of the chickens at the time of the sale.

In too many cases, the arrangement develops into the feed company owning the farm—lock, stock and mortgage—and the farmer working as a low-paid hired hand on the farm he used to own.

THE DON WILLETTE family, however, did their own vertical integrating. Instead of extending their acreage and displacing other families, they intensified their operations on the land they already had, applying more inputs of labor and capital to create a high-return enterprise.

Has on-the-farm vertical integration worked for them? "Well,"

says Don, "it's beat the squeeze for us, kept four of the boys on the farm and sent all six children to college."

With their own elevator, processing plant and warehouse, they wholesale Willette's Hybrid Seed Corn to elevators and seed stores within a 40-mile radius, retail it at home, supply the Minnesota Crop Improvement Association and Pride Hybrids with seed and ship certified seed to wholesalers in Minneapolis.

Yearly they process some 20,000 to 30,000 bushels of hybrid seed corn, registered and certified

Farmer's Share of Consumer's Food Dollar

39¢ of each \$1 spent for food.

2.3¢ for the corn in a 26¢ box of cornflakes.

60¢ of each \$1 spent for choice beef.

9¢ for the oranges in a 23¢ can of frozen juice concentrate.

2.3¢ for the wheat in a 20¢ loaf of white bread.

11¢ of a 25¢ quart of milk.

If farm prices rose 10%, net farm income would double and retail prices should rise only 4%.

From 1949-1960, average consumer items went up 27½%; food went up 21.2%; the farmer got 12% less of it.

One Hour's Factory Work Would Supply

	1960	1939	1929
Steak, lbs.	2.2	1.8	1.2
Bacon, lbs.	3.5	2.0	1.3
Milk, pints	17.6	10.4	7.8
Oranges, doz.	3.1	2.2	1.3

oats, soybeans and flax seed on their own farm. They also raise foundation seed stock for the University of Minnesota, retail chemicals and operate a drainage ditch weed-spraying business.

"Keeps us busy all year 'round," Don remarks. "We need to hire labor only for detasseling and custom weed spraying."

WHILE INTEGRATION has helped the Willettes solve the economic squeeze so many farm families are experiencing, their other two aims—dealing fairly with all their children and providing some old-age insurance for the time Don and Florence would be frequent users of the rockin' chair—are fulfilled by incorporation of their farm.

The elder Willettes realized that to fragmentize the operation several ways would give none of the children an economic unit. And what about the share for DePaul, who decided to be a lawyer, and Mary, who married and moved off the farm?

What would be fair to the four boys who stayed on the farm and contributed the labor of their prime? There could be

some hasseling among them over who got the best 40 acres and whether the milking barn was worth as much as the seed house. And if the farm were divided up before Don and Florence were ready to retire, how could they protect their own old age?

After much thought, prayer and discussion, they decided to look into family-farm incorporation. "It's easier to divide stock shares than it is to split up fields," they decided. And so on January 16, 1961, they signed incorporation papers for Willette Seed Farm, Inc.

Now that it's done they advise: "Don't tackle incorporation without a good tax lawyer. There are too many ins and outs to this tax business. The hardest part is evaluating the inventory, and that takes a tax expert, too."

In broad strokes, here is how they worked it out with their lawyer: Don and Florence gave each child 10 shares valued at

Farm Productivity

Productivity of the American farm worker in the 1950's increased 61½% a year as compared with a 2% a year rise in output for each industrial worker.

An hour of farm labor produces four times as much as it did in 1919-21. Crop production is 65% higher per acre. Output per breeding unit is up 88%.



\$100 each "so they'd all start out even." The boys who brought machinery and cattle into the corporation got 6 per cent debenture notes for their property. As the corporation grows they can convert their notes into shares. This helps to avoid tiffs over whether a boy's tractor-comelately is worth as much as something Don and Florence struggled a lifetime to acquire.

"The main reason for incorporating," explains Don, "is to disburse your estate in life, yet maintain control. Florence and I have 51 per cent of the stock, so the kids can't vote us into the poorhouse." By his chuckle you know he's not much worried about that happening.

The parental home is not included in the deal; it was omitted

ALTHOUGH MANY FARM OPERATIONS ARE AUTOMATED, PLENTY OF WORK STILL REMAINS.



from the incorporation for protection under the Homestead Act.

Each active individual gets a salary (based on number of dependents) and stockholders get occasional dividends. Here is how they divide up the responsibility:

Don is General Manager. Mike heads the Seed Department. Pierre ramrods the cattle, hogs and field work. Jan milks their score of dairy cows. Thomas, an Air Force bachelor, will ride herd on mechanical problems when he returns from military service. Naturally they help out each other as occasion demands.

"Incorporation sure complicated operations," Don jokes. "When I had hired men, I told them to go do something and they went and did it. Now when I want something done, we have to call a family conference."

Today the "old folks" (still far from retirement age) and young Jan live in the family home. Mike and Pierre live with their families on adjoining tracts. Mary and DePaul know that their inheritance is safe. And the parents are sure of a secure and tranquil retirement in their own home, surrounded by their children and their children's children (15 to date).

All this they have done with 440 acres owned and 160 rented—acres that are not the best in the world but a lot better than they used to be. With the unique combination of vertical integration and incorporation, three

families (and two more if bachelor sons Jan and Tomas decide to marry) make an adequate living on 600 acres in an area where the typical family-size farm is 250 to 300 acres.

THE WILLETTES ARE acutely aware of their job as partners with God in bringing new life out of the soil each year for the use of themselves and their fellow men, and of their responsibilities as stewards of God's soil. To them, their whole farming operation is a sacramental activity.

The entire family observes the novena in honor of St. Isidore, patron of farmers, twice a year: prior to his feast day on March 22nd, and at Thanksgiving time. Each year they have their pastor, Father Edward Scheuring, bless their seeds and soil.

When they remodeled their home in 1949, they set into the exterior of their fireplace a stone slab in which was graven the figure of St. Isidore plowing with two angels, illustrating the legend that St. Isidore did the work of three farmers with the help of angels, even though spending half the day at prayer in church. Beneath it grows flowers honoring their patron saint.

Long active in politics and other local affairs, Don is a member of the Farm Bureau, the National Farmers Union, the National Catholic Rural Life Conference (vice president in charge of membership), and has served on the boards of various schools,

co-operatives, community organizations and government farm-program committees. In addition he lectures at the Weed Inspectors Short Course at the University of Minnesota.

Of all the rural organizations in which he holds membership, Don is proudest of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. "NCRLC applies the teachings of the Scriptures and of the Popes to farming and to country family living," he explains.

"It helps people recognize and use the special spiritual advantages life on the land gives them. As NCRLC says, we country people can 'win salvation by and through the very circumstances of our lives on the land.'"

He believes the truth of the NCRLC assertion that there can be no "surplus" of food while people are hungry, that our so-called "surplus" is in reality a blessed abundance such as the world has never seen, that the families who, in partnership with the Creator, produced this abundance deserve to share in it, and that this abundance is a God-given opportunity and responsibility to share.

"I often wonder," Don Willette muses, "how much longer God, the Master Farmer, will continue to bless so richly a nation that prays daily for its bread, then denies the producer and the needy a just share."

■ ■

■ IT HAD BEEN STRESSED to the instructor of airborne troops that the psychological approach was of utmost importance. "Above all," his superiors cautioned him, "don't do or say anything that might cause sudden fright to trainees."

Thus, when one engine conked out on a flight and another began smoking badly, the instructor strove for nonchalance as he adjusted his parachute on his way to the hatch door.

"Now I want you men to keep perfectly calm," he said, "while I go for help."

JACK KYTLE, WALL STREET JOURNAL

■ THE WORLD OF POLITICS will not settle down until politicians go to see each other by ship again instead of by air. It will give them time to think before they get there.

DR. ARTHUR MICHAEL RAMSEY,
Archbishop of Canterbury

■ ANY MAN WHO has a religion is bound to do one of two things with it, change it or spread it. If it isn't true, he must give it up. If it is true, he must spread it.

ROBERT E. SPEER

— Inside Information —

"Don't believe it!" is the reaction of one top-level parochial school spokesman to reports that in this session of Congress the pressure on private schools will be relieved since Federal aid to education will not get much attention.

His comment represents a school of thought which believes that, although a bill will not pass, all will not be quiet along the Congressional front. And these winds of oratory, feeding on the smouldering accusations that parochial schools, by demanding legislative consideration, played a major role in the defeat of last session's big public school aid bill, are capable of bursting into flame.

The main reason for expecting only speeches and no action is that the entire membership of the House and one-third of the Senate face elections this year. Most Congressmen, therefore, are anxious to remain free from taking a stand on the Federal aid controversy—a very touchy subject in many places.

But that will not guarantee a noisy airing of the issue will be avoided. Some Congressmen are fervent advocates of Federal support for schooling. Others are in areas where teachers' lobbying groups are strong, and their political well-being calls for their going through the motions of support. So the halls of Congress will resound to speeches deploring last year's defeat, lamenting the failure of Congress to act and pointing to the urgency of such aid.

Some supporters of an aid bill that would give fair treatment to parochial schools think

that the biggest stumbling block is the public's ignorance of the operations and contributions to the community of church-related schools. They are disappointed that the interval between Congressional sessions did not see more effort to remove the image of the parochial schools as merely glorified Sunday schools.

Catholic Education Week in early November, for example, was a flop. Offering an excellent chance to introduce the public to Catholic schools, it was observed by only a few schools. And most of them aimed their public relations at parents of students.

Some editorial people in the Catholic press are expected to take the opportunity of "Catholic Press Month" in February to air their concern over the continuing trend of Catholic newspapers to be influenced by those of a conservative hue.

They feel that in the past year increasing numbers of Catholic papers have been committing themselves to extreme editorial positions to the right. In concentrating on the dangers of Red subversion they have, in many instances, openly supported the anti-Communist approaches of ultraconservative groups. They have even hinted that publications which do not follow their lead may not be doing all they can to resist Communism.

For example, in one diocese where the diocesan newspaper can be considered to tend toward a liberal view, subscriptions to an extremely conservative Catholic paper published in another diocese were sent to all priests with an implication that the non-local paper would serve as an antidote to their own paper.

This and other instances of editorial disagreement have produced a few rows already. More can be expected. The subjects of most intense disagreement are: the controversial movie Operation Abolition; the John Birch Society and its works; the UN operation in the Congo; and the conservative magazine National Review which criticized Pope John's encyclical Mater et Magistra (Christianity and Social Progress).

Milwaukee's Archbishop Cousins recently said some anti-Communist groups are unwittingly aiding the Communist cause by dividing Americans.

A big step was taken by the Chicago-based National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice when it opened its full-time Southern field office in New Orleans. Headed by a layman, the office pulled no punches in its statement on intent. "This office," it said, "will help make possible better and more rapid integration." That kind of talk in New Orleans takes real courage.

Insiders report that the office's plans include providing up-to-date information on racial integration in the Church in the South; organizing Catholic interracial groups; co-operating with other interracial groups; and sponsoring regional meetings so that the few Catholics in the South who are active in integration programs can share ideas.

Nobody expected the school-bus issue and the laws dictating who shall be passengers would provoke as much controversy as they have this school year. Oklahoma, Colorado and Missouri are all states where disputes have proved to be hot and heavy.

The U. S. Supreme Court has held several times that it is constitutional to transport parochial and other private school pupils on tax-paid buses. But certain state constitutions are very detailed in their banning of aid to churches. So if a judge determines that bus rides for children attending church-related schools are aid to their church, the kids are put off the buses. Usually ignored is the argument that the rides are health and safety measures of direct benefit only to the children.

In Oklahoma, the Midwest City School Board was told to stop its five-year practice of transporting children who attend St. Philip Neri school. The ruling may halt such rides in other areas of the state.

In Colorado, the State Commissioner of Education told public school districts to stop such rides and threatened to withhold state transportation subsidies if they didn't.

In Missouri, where non-public school children were ruled illegal baggage by the State Supreme Court in 1953, 40 parents of such children appealed to Gov. John M. Dalton for bus service. He told them the state's constitution would have to be changed to permit their transportation. He declined to say whether he would support an amendment.

The U. S. Church's efforts to assume a posture on urban renewal—one of more consequence than mere talk about every family's right to decent housing—is being helped by two men. Their work may result in a national Catholic office or agency concerned with renewal. None exists now.

One of the men is a priest, Father Robert G.

Howes of Worcester, Mass.; the other is a layman, John J. O'Connor of Washington, D. C.

Father Howes, a member of the American Society of Planning Officials and holder of a master's degree in city planning from M.I.T., is appealing to Catholic groups, especially men's organizations, to get involved in urban renewal, even if only to the extent of holding forums where experts can introduce the subject.

Dr. O'Connor, a Georgetown University professor, is reminding Catholics that renewal is basically a community concern and as such involves the moral principles of the common good. "Don't just sit back and wait until your own toes are stepped upon," he says.

The renowned Catholic Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference, the world's largest private relief agency, is about to pass a milestone, although it will probably be done very quietly.

CRS will soon discontinue its refugee relief efforts in Europe, shifting the burden it has carried since the end of World War II upon the European agencies which now are firmly back on their feet. CRS has resettled tens of thousands of refugees in the United States, Australia and Latin America. For those who could not be resettled, it has operated an extensive program which helped them adjust to their new homes in Europe.

The agency will now concentrate on Africa and Latin America. It is launching a new program of relief to countries in these continents, especially Latin America, where the next ten years are deemed crucial from the point of view of a possible Communist takeover.



LAY TEACHERS are not necessary EVILS

And they are increasingly important in our school system

by JOHN F. X. IRVING

THE SUN had barely set on the first day of the new term when an irate parent was on the phone.

"I can't understand it," he complained to the freshman student counselor. "I sent my boy

to Saint Peter's so that the Jesuits would teach him, and I find he has five lay teachers. What kind of Catholic education can he be getting?"

The student counselor took a deep breath. He had heard the

complaint before. Nonetheless, he tried to explain that there simply were not enough priests in the community to spare the number needed for teaching the 900 boys at the school. In their place they hired the best available lay teachers.

"But suppose he has problems?" the parent interrupted.

"Priests are always in reach of every student as spiritual advisors and club moderators" the counselor replied. "Besides, some where in the four-year course every boy will have some priests and scholastics teaching him."

The parent wasn't satisfied. He attended the first parent-teachers meeting to see for himself what type of people the laymen were.

What he found surprised him. The lay teachers were obviously well-trained, professional men with as much as twenty years' teaching experience. More importantly, they were militantly Catholic and alert to the problems of lay people. He went home impressed.

If he needed any further persuasion, his son provided ample evidence during the first few weeks. Like most of the other students, his son would speak of the lay teachers with a hint of hero worship while parroting their apostolic ideas. After the first semester, the student counselor will tell you, no further criticism is ever heard of lay teachers being on the staff.

LIKE IT OR NOT, the days when

any Catholic school can be completely staffed by religious are numbered. Unfortunate? Perhaps not. The most stimulating change in Catholic education in the last ten years might well prove to be the employment of lay teachers in greater and greater numbers.

Imagine sending your child to a Catholic grammar or high school in which your next-door neighbor, a married man, is the history teacher and the women you meet in the supermarket are the English and language instructors. That's not only a possibility; it's happening more and more today all over the United States.

WITHIN THE NEXT ten to fifteen years, 137,000 lay people, according to current estimates, will become the majority of teachers in Catholic schools. Priests and nuns will devote themselves more and more to administrative duties and the teaching of religion while others will be occupied in contemplation, charitable works and parish duties.

A statistical summary shows that there are now 52,000 lay teachers working in 13,557 Catholic schools in the United States—an average of nearly four to a school. Figures for the Diocese of Pittsburgh indicate the trend toward the hiring of lay teachers:

In 1922 one out of every thirteen teachers in diocesan schools was a lay person; today the proportion is one in four. Lay teach-

ers already outnumber the religious in the Catholic schools of Canada and Scotland.

Here's the reason for the increasing numbers of new faces behind the teachers' desks in Catholic classrooms: enrollment in our schools is growing nearly four times faster than the number of teaching sisters and brothers. A tidal wave of three million Catholic grammar school students is headed for high school.

At the present time, Catholic high schools can accommodate only 700,000 of them. This year 95 new high schools with an average of 18 classrooms per school were opened, and 64 existing high schools constructed an average eight classrooms. Catholic high school enrollment increased 12 per cent—91,000 students.

Obviously, though, if the ideal of every Catholic child in a Catholic school is to approach realization, not only more schools but more teachers will be required. With religious vocations falling far short of the numbers required to man our schools, employment of lay teachers in ever larger numbers is inevitable.

The Catholic effort, great as it is, is losing ground. At a recent teachers convention at the Catholic University, the story is told of a pastor who was invited to speak to an assembly at the local public high school. "Father should feel right at home in addressing us," the principal said

on introducing him to the teenagers, "because there are twice as many Catholic students here as are enrolled in his own parochial school."

LAY TEACHERS ARE not "Johnny-come-latelys" in Catholic education in America. The first lay teachers were women who in 1530 came from Spain to serve as teachers of young girls. And in colonial days missionaries selected boys of superior talent from their classes and employed them as teachers in the mission schools.

The fact is that there has never been sufficient religious to fill Catholic educational needs in the United States. It is only in our time, however, that the lay teacher has come to be looked upon as more than a temporary substitute.

Not too many years ago an attitude that lay teachers were a "necessary evil," tolerated only until sufficient religious could be trained to replace them, seemed to prevail. That attitude is changing, especially as it becomes apparent that the lay teacher is making a definite contribution to Catholic education.

"In the years immediately ahead," Father Neil McCluskey, S.J., Associate Editor of *America* Magazine, said, "the role of the laity in Catholic education on every level is destined to become central . . . Catholic education has outgrown its exclusively clerical and religious guardianship."

A recent survey revealed that 30 per cent of lay teachers in some states lack minimum qualifications

WHILE THE LARGE-SCALE arrival of lay teachers solves some problems, it presents others. A recent survey revealed that 30 per cent of the lay teachers in some states lack minimum qualifications. Now that they no longer are just "filling in," this situation demands immediate attention.

As Msgr. James T. Curtin, Superintendent of Schools in the Archdiocese of Saint Louis pointed out, "The lay teacher is here to stay, and something must be done for her (him). More time and attention must be given to her service, her training, her compensation."

A generation or two ago people used to say that anyone can teach. Even today you can find cases where almost any lay person who happens to be available is given the job of presiding over a classroom. High school graduates, untrained in the art of pedagogy, are thrown into a room filled with impressionable, sensitive children. It is not at all unusual to hear of the athletic coach in a secondary school being assigned to teach a class in Freshman English—on the theory, no doubt, that because he can speak English he can certainly teach it.

The task of hiring qualified teachers is complicated by the staggering burden their salaries impose on our parishes and dioceses. Unable to compete with

the salary scale of public schools, Catholic institutions frequently are merely a training ground for a beginning teacher. There he will gain rich experience for a year or two—then off to the public schools.

There is such a high turnover in lay teachers who staff our schools that accrediting agencies consider it a serious shortcoming. The estimated turnover of all new teachers who leave after one year is as much as 70 per cent. No business firm could function under similar handicaps; it is unfair to expect it of our schools. The danger, of course, is that our Catholic youth will be denied contact with outstanding, experienced career teachers. Not all of our high schools can build the competent lay staff of a St. Peter's high school.

The sacrificing layman who remains in our school system usually is forced to take another job at night and even a third one in the summer months if he is the sole support of himself and his family. He has scant time to devote to self-improvement or to the individual needs of his students.

A SHORT TIME AGO a math teacher told me that new developments in his field have made the traditional method of teaching algebra obsolete. With one sum-

mer course he could master the new method, but he is married and simply can't afford to take it. His students, naturally, are the ones who suffer.

Although the financial obstacle generally is not insurmountable for a lay woman, she finds that her friends in other school systems are doing so much better monetarily that she tends to let down her efforts. Career teachers naturally are attracted to schools where they can hope to become department heads or administrators and eventually retire on a modest pension. This is rarely possible in the Catholic school system. So we do not get and keep our share of ambitious, superior teachers.

If Catholic schools are to maintain high scholastic standards, it is obvious that serious planning is overdue in matters of recruiting qualified men and women, paying them a living wage, offering a tenure and at least limited participation in school administration.

Let them feel that they belong. Avoid the approach of the boys' prep school in the East that schedules meetings for its teachers at night. The lay teachers are not invited, nor are they expected to attend.

LAYMEN COMPLAIN OF the lack of liaison with the administrators of their schools. Some of the best ideas are spouted in the lay teachers' lounge but never find attentive ear outside.

Although it may not be typi-

cal, here is an example of what can happen. A young Fulbright scholar took a teaching job in a Catholic high school after spending a year in France where he mastered French so well that native Frenchmen complimented him on his fluency. Incredible as it may seem, not once in the three years he was at the school did the priest who headed the French Department meet to discuss with him the possibility of his teaching French. It hurt the teacher's morale, and a nearby public school soon gained an excellent French teacher.

Such a loss is particularly tragic because a qualified lay teacher has so much to offer. He gives a certain balance to the staff. He is usually self-sacrificing and inspired by high motives. He can be a model to his students who, for the most part, will remain in the lay state to work out their salvation.

Most lay teachers choose their profession because it is what they want to do. On the other hand, according to a survey taken by Sister M. Mynette Gross and published by the Catholic University of America Press in 1953, only 23 per cent of the religious teachers contacted said that they would have chosen to teach if they had not entered a teaching community. No doubt the religious throw themselves wholeheartedly into their work once that is their way of life, but the fact remains—it was not their first choice.

Once teaching in Catholic

The laity are starting to realize they must contribute more than money to parochial schools

schools is made more attractive to lay people, the ranks will begin to fill up. A few years ago, for example, a Catholic college at its graduation exercises awarded medals to local lay teachers who had 25 years or more of service in Catholic schools. One of them, selected as the Commencement Day speaker, talked about the dignity of teaching and how attractive and spiritually rewarding he had found it. His wife, who had entered the business world in preference to teaching even though she was a qualified teacher, heard his talk and was so moved that she gave up her business career to join the ranks of Catholic lay teachers the following September.

WHILE NO ONE has completely solved the problems brought about by the radical changes taking place in Catholic education, some beginnings have been made. The laity are starting to realize that they must contribute not only money but must work with the clergy if Catholic schools are to compete effectively with public schools.

In some dioceses prospective teachers are being selected from among the top graduates of Catholic schools. They are awarded full college scholarships with assurance of placement in a diocesan school. The program is still new and its impact has not

been seriously felt, but many such students are now in training. They are one source to help relieve the teacher shortage in a few years.

A few openings in Catholic classrooms in Alabama were filled as the result of a newspaper ad which appealed to generous Catholic Actionists. The ad read: "Opportunity for women to devote a year of their lives to God as unpaid lay teachers in St. Jude's School, Montgomery, Alabama. Write Fr. Raleigh."

Help on a larger scale is available now from the Federal government. The National Defense Education Act of 1958, as one priest described it, is "remarkable"—an aid that was undreamed of just a few years ago. In addition to furnishing government loans for such purposes as equipping high school laboratories, the Act provides for student loans and for financial assistance in strengthening instruction in mathematics and modern languages.

THE PROBLEMS besetting the future of Catholic education in America are enormous. They must be faced squarely before they assume insoluble proportions. As Pope Pius XII said, "the situation of the Catholic school in the modern world and the way it adapts itself to the accelerated rhythm of its evolu-

tion" must be examined frequently.

One speaker at the National Catholic Education Association convention last August proposed that our elementary schools be dropped and that Catholic school classes begin on the junior high school level. This startling suggestion was prompted by the harsh realities that must now be faced—rising costs, rising enrollments and inadequate staffs and facilities.

MOST CATHOLICS FEEL that we should not abandon our traditional school system so easily. What problem cannot be solved,

they ask, if 43 million Catholics work at it conscientiously?

This much, at least, is clear: Catholic parents who demand religious education for their children and lay leaders alert to the situation can no longer passively sit by. No longer can any of us depend solely on priests and religious brothers and sisters to solve the critical problems of Catholic education, to administer and staff our schools and to plan their progress.

The challenging fact is that the burden of the future of Catholic education is now shifting into the hands of the American laity. ■ ■

■ WHEN A WOMAN WANTS to let another woman know what she thinks of her she confides in a mutual friend.

HAROLD COFFIN

■ WITH THE SERIOUSNESS of youngsters, Mary and Bobby were discussing the forthcoming baptism of their infant sister.

"They don't allow you to talk in church," warned Bobby.

"Who doesn't let you?" Mary asked.

"The hushers," Bobby replied.

■ WE HAVE BEEN SO anxious to give our children what we didn't have that we have neglected to give them what we did have.

■ A FARMER WAS LOSING his temper trying to drive two mules into a field when the parson came by.

"You are just the man I want to see," said the farmer. "Tell me, how did Noah get these beasts into the ark?"

ARKANSAS BAPTIST

■ THE BIG TROUBLE with success nowadays is that its formula is often the same as the one for a nervous breakdown.

SINGER DIAHANN CARROLL

ENTERTAINMENT

by Mina Wetzig

The 1944 movie, "Going My Way," which starred Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, is the basis for a new, hour-long weekly television series with dancer-actor Gene Kelly in the Crosby role. It's scheduled to go into production early this year and on the air on ABC-TV next October.

The Twist, America's current dance craze, is worrying physical fitness experts. They're wondering whether or not the pelvic gyrations required in the dance are good or bad for "soft" Americans. A Chiropractic Research Council in New York reported an epidemic of "twister back" among middle-aged dancers especially. Routine treatment: heat treatments, diathermy, liniments.

The Insider's Newsletter adds a sign-of-the-times note in a comment on the Twist: "Social critics are now comparing the Twist to the shimmy, which came into being just before World War I. Reasoning: When adults can't face impending disaster, they escape from their fears by acting like children."

Other upcoming dance fads: the Roach, the Fish and the Slop. Don't ask us how they're done.

A London record company has released an album of a Harley Street psychologist giving an 80-minute sex lecture to answer just about any question a youngster could ask. The psychologist reassures parents: "If there is a good relationship between children and parents, and they are not too embarrassed about sex, then, of course, the

intention is that the parents could stay in the room and listen with the children. But parents who are embarrassed can simply leave—and leave the rest to me."

Comment from Melvin Helitzer, ad director of Ideal Toy Co., in testimony to the FCC: "Children's TV shows failed when designed for children only because the writers have a lower intelligence level than children. . . . Children are more sophisticated and smarter than most adults. They know when somebody is being cute and talking down to them."

The entertainment trade paper, Variety, crystal balls a new recording trend: discs of the hand-clapping "old time religion" type of music.

New York Herald Tribune columnist John Crosby recently evaluated TV: "We don't watch it, really. We stare at it half awake and only half alive. The television set is no longer an instrument of entertainment. It has become an anesthetic."

And for an inside-the-industry comment, here's one from TV producer Robert Saudek at an FCC probe: "TV is a promising child that has become the victim of retarded development."

Time was when all boys wanted to grow up to be policemen and all girls wanted to be nurses, but not so now, according to Keith Quigley who auditioned a hundred youngsters for "Video Village, Jr. Edition," CBS-TV's Saturday morning series. He says: "Today's kids have a new set of heroes. The new idols are Roger Maris, President Kennedy, Mrs. Kennedy and Alan Shepard."

Psychiatry has gained a dubious reputation in many Catholic circles, but in recent years its stature has increased through worthwhile discoveries

Psychiatry on the Analytic Couch

by LOUISE EDNA GOEDEN

Mrs. JONES MAKES her family miserable by fanatic efforts to keep the house immaculate. Mr. Smith goes into violent rages when a young man calls on his teen-age daughter. Johnny Sullivan regularly disrupts his fourth grade class by running around the room and annoying his classmates. At one time or another, someone in the family of each of them is likely to say what he means sincerely, "You ought to go to a psychiatrist."

If Johnny is told that, he won't even know what it means, but the adults will. And very likely they will get the impression that the speaker thinks of them as being crazy.

To the man on the street, psychiatry is a subject surrounded by an aura of mystery,

half-knowledge — and suspicion. "Head-shrinker" is one of the less complimentary terms applied to the psychiatrist.

For a Catholic, there is additional confusion. Some clergy have, at times, indiscriminately imputed the work of these medical specialists who deal with mental disorders, especially with psychoses, but also with neuroses. Until quite recently, many regarded mental illness as the sign of diabolic possession and outside the realm of medical help.

A GOOD DEAL of the early condemnation of psychiatry stems back to statements of Sigmund Freud, the man people generally regard as the father of this science (though actually many schools of psychiatry differ radically from his views).

In his paper, "Obsessive Acts and Religious Practices," published in 1907, Freud noted the resemblances he had observed in clinical practice between religion and obsessive, neurotic characteristics of certain of his patients. But he didn't stop there.

He ended by identifying personal piety as a neurosis (a functional disorder without apparent physical cause). From here he went on to call religion a universal obsession of man. And, as is so often true of disciples, some of Freud's followers pressed his point further and declared that a conflict existed between religion and mental health.

There was also the matter of psychoanalysis, which in many people's minds is considered the entire field of psychiatry. Under Freud's theory, undue emphasis appeared to be placed on sexual material dredged up through this form of therapy. Free will and morality seemed almost nonexistent. Man was just a highly developed animal without a soul.

For Freud there was no personal God. He considered Him a product of man's unconscious, an enlarged Father-Image.

Because of this Freudian philosophy (which should be distinguished, however, from his psychology), the Church took an almost united stand against psychiatry. Not until the second half of the twentieth century did this attitude definitely change.

Pope Pius XII showed the shift in April, 1953, in his ad-

dress to the 5th International Congress of Psychotherapists and Clinical Psychologists. In part, he said:

"Be assured that the Church follows your research and your medical practice with warm interest and her best wishes. You labor on a terrain that is very difficult. But your activity is capable of achieving precious results for medicine, for the knowledge of the soul in general, for religious dispositions of men and for their development."

THE TREATMENT OF men's minds is a science which the Church now accepts. Under the stresses of modern day living this treatment becomes a necessary part of medicine. Statistics prove that one in every ten Americans (17 million of them) is suffering from a mental or emotional disorder.

Of every ten children born each year, one will need treatment in a mental hospital at least once in his lifetime. Over half the hospital beds in the United States are occupied by mental patients. For every one so hospitalized there is another seriously ill—but still in society—who should be hospitalized.

In addition, authorities believe that mental illness or some form of personality disturbance is important among the causes of criminal behavior, delinquency, suicide, alcoholism, narcotic addiction and even divorce. Thus the role of the psychiatrist becomes ever more significant.

Catholic psychiatrists have shown that the analytic process does not destroy man's free will

Nor is it possible to substitute religion for the psychiatrist's role. Many people—including some clergymen—seem to feel that if a mentally sick person would just have more faith he would be cured. "Pray more," they tell him.

Actually, this is the same as telling a person with appendicitis that he just has to get hold of himself, exert his free will, pray more and he'll be all right. Mental illness *is* illness.

Furthermore, emotional sickness can in some cases, limit freedom of the will. Such a man usually cannot think straight; he cannot pray right. His behavior may not be socially accepted. Even his bodily organs may be affected.

For this reason the Catholic Church wants people to seek relief through competent physicians, psychiatrists and clinical psychologists. She teaches that "grace builds on nature" and that faith, hope and love will operate more effectively and fruitfully in the mature, well-adjusted, right-thinking, and emotionally healthy individual.

Catholic psychiatrists have shown that the analytic process does not destroy man's free will, while the effectiveness of reason and will power can be canceled by crippled or immature emotions, leaving a person in varying degrees of helplessness. Psychia-

try can do the very opposite—make him more responsible.

How DOES THE psychiatrist help the patient become more responsible? One answer lies in the use of psychoanalysis. This method seeks to bring to the surface those unconscious pressures which propel a man to compulsive activity and limit his freedom.

Freud was the man who set the pattern for the way this may be accomplished. Perhaps his most important contributions were those which showed how the unconscious mind affects behavior and his demonstration that emotional illness usually begins in childhood.

What the psychiatrist, then, seeks to do is help the patient recall the traumatic experiences of long ago which are creating his present emotional problems under the impact of external pressures. This he does by a series of private sessions which usually last anywhere from 45 minutes to an hour and may continue for months and even years at the rate of four times a week. A "classic analysis" may take 300 to 500 hours.

A psychiatrist may handle only an immediate problem, however, such as a patient's inability to go to his job. Under these circumstances, the psychiatrist does not explore the patient's entire

past with him in order to work out a solution.

The psychiatrist's couch is a familiar joke in speech as well as cartoon. But it does form an important part of the therapy. The patient relaxes while he allows his memory to wander and while he "talks out" his problem.

Meanwhile the psychiatrist listens, sometimes takes notes. His aim is eventually, of course, to piece together the jig-saw of information he receives and help the patient become aware of early experiences which cause his present emotional problems.

Once having come face to face with these, the patient is able to see why, to mention a few examples of phobias, he is afraid of being touched, afraid of leaving his home, feels it necessary to wash his hands every few minutes—or, as in the case of Mrs. Jones, is fanatic on the subject of orderliness.

SIMPLER PROBLEMS exist, too: stomach upsets or backaches for which there are no explanations; constant job difficulties, marital troubles. Recognizing the cause of these often produces the cure.

But the psychiatrist does more than listen. Treatment may include use of wonder drugs, electric and insulin shock therapies, hypnosis. Tranquilizing drugs, for example, have produced revolutionary results in the care of mental patients. From 1955 to 1960 the number of such patients decreased by more than 23,000.

The end result of psychiatry,

as Father George Hagmaier, C.S.P., points out in his book *Counselling the Catholic*, should be to help "a troubled personality to sort out his jumbled emotions." But even more important, this therapy "through an ever increasing insight into his unconscious motives and behavior, enables him to liberate the will from compulsive behavior, thereby encouraging ever freer and more responsive activity."

ONE OF THE early fears of Catholic priests was that the psychiatrist would not respect his client's religion and moral convictions. However, the competent practitioner accepts the proposition that he is not to dictate to his clients procedures contrary to their moral tenets.

In fact, a good psychiatrist realizes that such suggestions might be the worst possible thing for his patient. Nor will he enter into a purely theological discussion but will tell the patient to seek such information from a priest.

Before choosing a psychiatrist, a patient should be sure the man is qualified. This is easily verified by checking with the local County Medical Society, Catholic Social Agency, Welfare Council or Mental Health Association.

A "quack" psychiatrist can do great harm mentally as well as spiritually to a patient. For instance, he can bring up from the unconscious many experiences which greatly disturb the patient.

Evidence points to growing co-operation between the Church and psychiatry, priest and psychiatrist

But he may not be able to use them in solving the basic problem. Thus the patient is worse off than before.

Accepting, then, the basic fact that psychiatry, as a *science*, is useful in the treatment of man's illness, the Church encourages it. Many of its medical schools are training their students in the theory and technique of the psychoanalytic approach to sickness.

Catholic hospitals today normally have on their staffs psychiatrists to deal with the disturbed personalities of their patients. In Catholic schools throughout the country, clinical psychologists and psychiatrists carry on counseling services for disturbed children.

The diocesan Catholic Charities, too, in many parts of the United States, employ regular staff psychologists, psychiatrists and psychiatric case workers.

Surely an important sign of psychiatry's acceptance is the fact that many of the Roman ecclesiastical courts use the testimony of psychiatric experts.

PERHAPS THE MOST significant step in the Church's acceptance of the role of psychiatry lies in the increased emphasis put on the priest's education in understanding mental illness as well as the science of curing it.

Not too long ago there were priests who believed that mental illness resulted from poor thinking or poor living. Their recommended remedy was greater will power, prayer and the sacraments.

Actually, this remedy is in contradiction to the theory, such as that held by Father Hagmaier, that "Catholics who have been inadequately instructed or hold distorted notions of Catholic teaching are more liable to certain types of mental illness than the general populace." It is also a direct contradiction to the truth that in some cases excessive pietistic fervor is the worst thing for a patient.

When an extra year of priestly study devoted to Pastoral Theology was introduced recently by Rome, among suggested lectures were those on pastoral psychology.

A number of priests have become practicing psychoanalysts and psychologists, including John Devlin, S.J.; Noel Mailloux, O.P.; Louis Bernient, S.J.; Joseph Nuttin; Jerome Hayden, O.S.B.

All the evidence points to a growing co-operation between the Church and psychiatry, the priest and the psychiatrist. Through the help of these healers of the mind and of the soul, it is often possible for man to achieve closer relationship with his God. ■ ■

Books

Virginia Kendall reports:

What are the most important books in a college student's life? Too often they are his mother's cookbook and his father's checkbook, says Father Joseph Lennon, O.P., in a plea for the promotion of good reading among college students.

Despite the charge that "education has produced a vast population able to read but unable to distinguish what is worth reading," some educators think college students read more and better books these days than formerly. A survey conducted by the Graduate School of Library Science, University of Chicago, of 2,011 libraries in higher educational institutions of the U. S. revealed some provocative opinions among the replies of 457 librarians in 41 states.

The majority thought that students do read more books of better quality and do develop "good life-time reading habits." But three-quarters of them agree with bookstore managers who maintain that the strong public criticism of poor reading habits among students is nevertheless justified.

Public criticism of reading habits will probably continue unabated for some time to come. Added to last year's analytical studies of education such as THE SCHOOLS by Martin Mayer (Harper) and EXCELLENCE by John W. Gardner, are new books which include TOMORROW'S ILLITERATES, edited by Charles C. Walcutt (Little, Brown) on the problems of illiteracy and reading among American children; SLUMS AND SUBURBS by James B. Conant (McGraw-Hill)

on American school ailments; THE NATION'S CHILDREN by Eli Grozberg (Columbia Univ. Press), a collection of reports from the 1960 White House Conference on the state of the nation's education; EDUCATION OF TEACHERS: Conflict and Conscience by B. K. Hadinfield and T. M. Stinnett (Prentice-Hall) on the problems in producing good teachers.

The latest book to set off vehement reactions is WHAT IVAN KNOWS THAT JOHNNY DOESN'T by Dr. Arthur Trace (Random House). American children lag far behind in the reading gap, claims the educator and Russian studies' expert. (A 4th-grade Russian pupil has a vocabulary of 10,000 words while an American pupil has only 1,800 words learned from "oversimplified" basal readers. Fifth graders in the U.S.S.R. read Tolstoy, Chekhov and Pushkin, but American students know only "simple stories by relatively unknown authors." Russians specialize in languages from the 5th grade up and study geography for six years. Americans are offered languages in high school and have only 1½ years of geography.)

Why are American children rated as poor readers? Trace's study charges that poor reading curricula and inferior books, not pupil intelligence or inadequate teachers, are the reasons. The weakness of the study is that it is based only upon a limited comparison of textbooks and programs in literature, languages, reading, history and geography. It ignores many other factors that influence reading progress. Critics concede, however, that the brief if shocking report may help fulfill the author's good intention of alerting U. S. educators to the need for re-evaluating reading standards and materials.

While the Soviets are attempting a worldwide

distribution of 3.6 billion dollars' worth of propaganda material on atheism every year, one organization that has decided to help combat the Communist influence is the American Bible Society (Protestant). The Society's new "cold war emergency fund" of \$400,000 will be used to distribute the Scriptures in countries where the Soviet barrage is aimed—such as Indonesia, Brazil and India. Last year the group sent out 34,695,824 Bibles and scripture selections. There is no Catholic organization in existence that matches this effort.

One of the most significant publications for all Catholics who want to know what the Church teaches regarding modern problems, especially in matters of social justice, is MATER ET MAGISTRA: Christianity and Social Progress (Paulist Press, New York City). This new, accurate translation of the important recent encyclical of Pope John XXIII has been especially prepared by experts for all laymen, students, teachers and study groups from the high school level up.

Recommended for 1962 reading lists: THE NEW MAN by Thomas Merton (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy)—new thoughts on man's search for spiritual identity; BLESSED AND POOR by Daniel Pezeril (Pantheon)—a "deeply felt biography of the parish priest who became a saint"; DOGMA FOR THE LAYMAN by Thomas J. Higgins, S.J. (Bruce)—a straightforward and clear review of the principles of Catholic teaching for mature laymen; THE CRISIS OF FREEDOM by William F. Lynch, S.J. (Sheed & Ward)—a challenging book on the dangers of the "American tendency to over-simplify reality in order to face it."



The Unfinished Reformation, Hans Asmussen, Max Lackmann, Ernst Fincke, Richard Baumann, Wolfgang Lehmann (Fides. \$4.95)

Unless a Catholic had heard of the *Sammlung*, he would be bewildered to hear the Protestant authors of this book approving of confession, the eucharistic sacrifice and the primacy of Peter. *The Sammlung* might be described as the Lutheran Oxford movement. At least the German Protestants who compose it have the same high religious purpose and passion for Catholicity that fired Newman and his associates in the Anglican Church.

The preface to *The Unfinished Reformation* provides a more complete description of this group. "The *Sammlung* is an as-

sociation of Evangelical men and women, clergy and laity, who have the divine call to reunite a divided Christendom and who accordingly pray and work in the hope that the reformed Churches, for their own fulfillment and also for the future welfare of the whole Church of God, may find their necessary place within the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church."

The authors of the book state: "We share a common conviction that the Catholic Question is *the* question of our generation. With the same seriousness whereby we are committed to the entire Credo as a declaration of faith, we believe that the unity of Christ's Church is the manifest will of God." To achieve unity and catholicity in some sort of relationship to the Catholic Church is the purpose of the *Sammlung*.

It is difficult in a brief review to do justice to *The Unfinished Reformation*. Those who wrote it explore and affirm many Catholic truths that traditionally have been rejected by Protestantism. Their criticism of Catholicism is directed mainly against what they consider to be wrong with customs and officialdom (the human element)—not against its divine constitution. This seems to be the meaning of: "We say *Yes* to tradition and *No* to traditionalism. *Yes* to the office of Pope and *No* to papalism. *Yes* to the canon law of the Church and *No* to legalism. . . ."

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and at the same time a challenge to read this book. We are challenged to attain the same high level of seriousness and charity as these fine Christians. It is humbling when we realize that many Catholics by their attitudes and actions hinder advances toward religious unity and the receiving back of our separated brethren.

Wrap-up: Steps toward unity.

St. Vincent de Paul, Igino Giordani (Bruce. \$5.75)

With men's minds turned toward the needs of the poor throughout the world, a new life of St. Vincent de Paul, apostle to the poor, is most timely. It is fortunate, too, that Igino Giordani's biography of this unusual saint is so well done.

In straightforward narrative, the author recounts St. Vincent's capture by Mediterranean pirates, his association with Louis de Marillac, the founding of the Daughters of Charity and the Vincentians, his efforts at reformation of the clergy and his vast charitable undertakings.

At the same time Giordani depicts the spiritual growth of St. Vincent de Paul. Although burdened with poor health, he carried out his numerous activities with a dedicated zeal. A fine sketch of the dominant virtues of St. Vincent appears in the closing chapters where the saint's humility, simplicity and love lead him to complete freedom.

A commendable feature of this book is the skillful way in which

the author fills in the historical background of 17th-century France, enabling us to see the huge obstacles which St. Vincent faced and to appreciate the scope of his achievement.

Wrap-up: Solid biography.

American Catholic Etiquette, Kay Toy Fenner (Newman. \$5.95)

Here is a practical book that any Catholic family would find extremely useful. It covers manners, morals and Church law for every conceivable religious and social occasion for adults and children.

Baptism, first Communion, Confirmation, ordinations and religious profession are treated. As one would expect, detailed explanations of wedding protocol for both elaborate and simple weddings are offered. The author likewise provides sound guidance for funerals and the traditional sympathies and courtesies that surround Christian burial.

One excellent section describes the "manners" that can be expected of children and teen-agers in the home. All in all, the book fills a real need and should enjoy wide popularity in Catholic homes.

Wrap-up: Practical and thorough.

Christianity Divided, edited by Daniel J. Callahan, Heiko A. Oberman and Daniel J. O'Hanlon, S.J. (Sheed and Ward. \$6.00)

This is a remarkable collec-

tion of articles by Catholic and Protestant scholars on five main issues that divide the two great Christian bodies. These issues, selected because of their traditional significance and contemporary relevance, are: Scripture and Tradition, the Bible, the Church, the Sacraments, Justification.

These articles were not written to order for this book but have been published by their authors in their own denominational journals. Hence they have a truer ring of authenticity than the too-polite presentations we often find in ecumenical dialogue. Each issue is discussed by a Catholic and a Protestant author, and an introduction to each pair of writings gives the average reader some of the general background of the topic.

This is probably the most important ecumenical publication that has appeared in the United States, especially since it introduces readers to the actual texts of contemporary theological tracts. It has a special value for the Catholic reader in that many of the Catholic writings reveal the tremendous developments in theology and biblical criticism in recent years. Since these developments have taken place since the last Vatican Council, they will be the focus of close attention at the coming Council.

Father Schillebeeckx, for instance, shows that the sacraments are vital, personal encounters with Christ: here in America we too often think of them merely

as obligations or as isolated acts entitling us to rewards. Father Stanley discusses the vast advances in biblical criticism that followed upon the publication of Pope Pius XII's encyclical *Divino Afflante Spiritu*. No longer is there a tendency in Catholic circles to ape the Fundamentalists in adopting a crass, literal interpretation of the New Testament.

The new criticism does not question the historical character of New Testament events but points out that the Church used the original materials not as a history book but for liturgical and catechetical purposes. Father Weigel traces the development of the Catholic concept of the Church from a one-sided emphasis on organization to the present stress on the Church as an organism, from the apologetics books' preoccupation with the Church as the Kingdom of God to the interest of contemporary theologians in the figure of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ.

No Catholic concerned about Christian unity (or even interested in Catholic theology alone) can afford to be without *Christianity Divided*.

Wrap-up: Compact, authoritative, comprehensive anthology of Catholic and Protestant theology.

Our Lady and the Church, Hugo Rahner, S.J. (Pantheon. \$3.50)

Father Rahner, the noted Ger-

man theologian, says at the outset of this small book that he has one object: "to show from the warmhearted theology of the great fathers and doctors [of the Church] that the whole mystery of the Church is bound up with the mystery of Mary."

In this task he succeeds admirably and makes a notable contribution to Marian theology. By carefully combing the Church fathers, Father Rahner shows that in early Christian thought Mary, through her motherhood of Christ, was the essential symbol of the Church, our Mother. He says, "Eve, Mary and the Church: for the early theologians these three formed one picture with three transparencies."

To prove this assertion Father Rahner takes Mary's various titles and privileges and shows in a series of beautiful demonstrations how early Church teaching linked each of these to some facet of the Church itself. Each of these chapters offers not only profound theological insights about Mary but ample thought for prayer and meditation.

Marian devotion is an essential of any thorough, vital Catholic life. But it should be soundly rooted in traditional doctrine. Father Rahner has made a major contribution toward this goal with this simple, clear exposition of the close relationship of Mary with the Church.

Wrap-up: Valuable insights into Marian theology.

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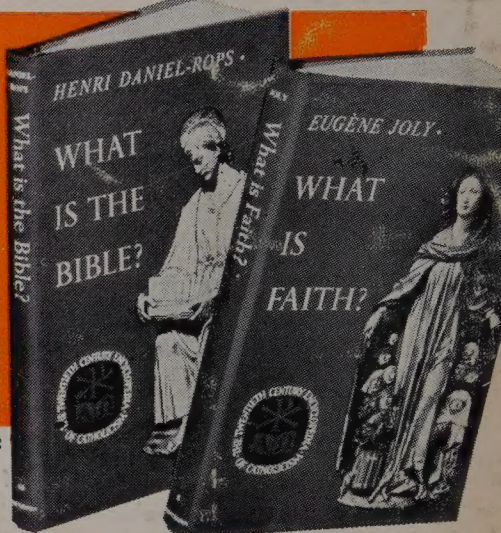
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